I heard you ſay, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the reſtfull Engliſh Court
As farre as Callis, to my Vncles head?
Amongſt much other talke, that very time,
I heard you ſay, that you had rather refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand Crownes.
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England; adding withall,
How bleſt this Land would be, in this your Coſins death.
Aum. Princes and Noble Lords:
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man:
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my faire ſtarres,
On equall termes to give him chaſticement?
Eyther I muſt, or have mine honour ſpoyl'd
With th' Atteindor of his ſland'rous lips,
There is my Gage, the manuall ſeale of death
That markes thee out for hell. Thou lyeſt,
And will maintaine what thou haſt ſayd, is falſe,
In thy hearts blood, though being all too baſe,
To ſtaine the temper of my Knightly ſword.
Bul. Bagot forbeare, thou ſhalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence, that hath moved me ſo.
Fitz. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies:
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:
By that faire ſunne, that ſhewes me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay, (and vantingly thou ſpak'ſt it)
That thou wer't cauſe of Noble *Gloſters* death.
If thou denieſt it, twenty times thou lyeſt,
And I will turne thy falſehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged with my Rapiers poynt.
Aum. Thou dar'ſt not (Coward) live to ſee the day.
Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.
Aum. Fitzwater thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Per. Aumerle, thou lyeſt: his honour is as true
In this appeale, as thou art all uniuſt:
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my Gage
To proveit on thee, to th' extreameſt poynt
Of mortall breathing. Seize it if thou dar'ſt.

Aum.

Aum. And if I doe not, may m
And never brandiſh more reveng
Over the glittering Helmet of m
Sur. My Lord *Fitzwater*:
I doe remember well, the very t
Aumerle, and you did talke.
Fitz. My Lord,
'Tis very true: You were in preſe
And you can witneſſe with me, t
Sur. As falſe, by heaven,
As heaven it ſelfe is true.
Fitz. Surry, thou lyeſt,
Sur. Diſhonourable Boy;
That lye ſhall lye ſo heauy on my
That it ſhall render Vengeance a
Till thou the Lye-giver, and that
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Se
In proofe whereof, there is mine h
Engage it to the Tryall, if thou d
Fitz. How fondly doſt thou ſp
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breath,
I dare meete *Surry* in a Wilder
And ſpit upon him, whilſt I ſay h
And lies, and lies: there is my bo
To tye thee to my ſtrong Corre
As I intended to thrive in this n
Aumerle is guilty of my true app
Beſides, I heard the baniſh'd *Nor*
That thou *Aumerle* didſt ſend tw
To execute the Noble Duke at Ca
Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian tr
That *Norfolke* lies, here doe I thro
If he may be repeald, to try his h
Bul. Theſe differences ſhall al
Till *Norfolke* be repeal'd: repeal
(And though mine Enemy) reſtor
To all his Lands and Seigniories:
Againſt *Aumerle* we will inforce

H

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.19